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THE PROCESSION

BY RALPH KORNGOLD

My lady, come! my lady, come!
There is a long procession passing by your door.
Come out, my lady, come!
Let your fair eyes sweep over it.

What is it? Nothing of consequence,
But good enough to fill an idle moment,
Divert your mind worn out by social duties—
Much important duties.

Come! my lady, come!
Let me arrange the boa round your neck,
Loosely arrange it, that the gallant's eye
May see the alabaster of your skin,
And taste the creamy whiteness of its hue.

Grey-haired matron, come you too;.
And white-handed millionaire;
And simpering dandy, with sleek, glossy hair.
It's of no consequence, it's true,
But it may interest you,—matron and fair lady—
(Just as a pastime, in an idle moment,)—
To see who earns your bread, your pie, your cake,
Your wine, your carpets, curtains, marble, bronze,
Your diamonds, silk and lace;—
To see all who are requisite to make your life,
Your husband's, brother's, so that it suits you.

Sst!—Now they come ! . . .
Rough fellows, grime upon their faces;
With heavy tread they walk.
O, THOSE FACES! SQUARE-CUT FACES!
LANGUID, PATIENT FACES! . . .

Workingmen, the day is near that from the trance
Of centuries your minds shall wake.
You shall understand the infamy of ages,
And your heads shall reel when you look back
Upon the dreadful past.
Will you be great enough to forgive?
To clasp the hand of those whose fathers held
Your fathers in subjection, and their souls
In night of misery steeped? . . . Who made them bear
A life of which the very thought
Will flame your cheeks with wrathful shame ?—
Will you be able to forgive?

(Pardon my muttering lady:
I was only quoting, quoting from my heart.)

Do not be frightened, lady, if a single man
Looks fiercely at you. They are children, mean no harm;
But curiously as children do they gaze.
And if they dared;—if from their souls, kept brutal,
Brutal fire fiercely upshot,—
If they, like a great horse, which never used
His weight of muscle to highest pitch of strength,
Suddenly plunging into white flaming rage,
Runs to destruction the wagon which he pulls,—
If they dared. . .
Then look below, my lady! there is a field
Of bayonets guarding your portico.
Ah, it is a prickly field the workingman
Would have to wade through!
And a single bullet from a rifle-mouth,
Can lay forever quiet several pounds of muscle.

So never fear, my lady . . .

Others come.—Who are they?—
Mothers, mothers with their babes,
Shivering mothers, ugly, bony, hunger-eaten mothers—
Old looking babes,—babes weaned before their time.
Ah, my lady, you, you have stolen
The milk from these mother's breasts;
A curse upon you!

(Pardon my muttering lady:
I was only quoting, quoting from my heart.)

Do you not think, my lady, it would be right
To have a charity dance, or fair, or dinner,
And so collect a morsel for these mothers?
Charity, sweet charity indeed!
Long live the poor! and long live charity!
For what were charity without the poor?
And the "smart set" without the "charity"?
Sure, it would be incomplete
Without its charity balls, and fairs, and dinners
And what could give a better pastime to our idle ladies
And shed upon them a more holy light?
So long live charity! And long live poverty for charity's sweet sake!

And who are these?
Girls, working girls, whose youth is quenched,
Maternal organs injured by toiling for you;
Girls who shall never know the rapture of full healthy, love;
Who live a poisoned life in poisoned atmosphere,
Bear poisoned children. . . .
Wild animals of the plains and woods, we envy you!
We, sacrificing the healthy life of our immortal race
To satisfy the greed and morbid taste of few.

And who are these?
Women, women, women,
WORKINGMEN'S DAUGHTERS, whose life is sucked
By your husbands and your brothers, ladies,
O, God! let me not see their worn-out faces, pitiable frames;
Let me not feel the curse which darts upon me,
Upon all humanity from their haunted eyes,—
Though their lips are smiling. . .
See, ye workingmen! what ye have made
Out of your children by your cowardice!
Do their wretched souls not cry to you? accuse you?
And command you, saying,
"Go! Save others from our lot!
Sweep away the vile regime of capital, in which
Our souls are bought for money!" . . .
And ye ladies, look! this is the flesh
Your husbands and your brothers feed upon,
But, worse than cannibals, they feed on SOUL and body!
And know ye, that in partaking of their ill-gotten riches,
You make yourselves accomplices with them?

(Pardon my muttering lady;
I was only quoting, quoting from my heart.)

And who are these? . . :
Are these our future generations?—
Is this our hope?
These children, tiny-faced, these puny bodies?
They treading to the mill?
What! children, do you work?
You sensitive ladies, who shed tears
When reading of some unhappy heroine,
Who look pale when some great actress has strained high your nerves,
Do children earn your diamonds and pomp?—
O Mrs Potter Palmer, Mrs. Vanderbilt,
Ye, ye who suck the milk belonging to the babe,
Ye, ye who steal the sunlight from the child,—
Thieves, thieves ye are!
Thieves! Thieves!—A curse upon you!

Danville, Illinois.

THE BISHOP WANTS FAIR PLAY

Scranton, Pa., Feb. 6.—In a sermon on "Child Labor" at St. Peter's cathedral the Rt. Rev. M. J. Hoban, bishop of Scranton, came out unequivocally for permitting working boys to play athletic games on Sunday.

After picturing the hardships to which many of the boys of this community are put in the mines and mills, day and night, six days a week, he criticised those who protest against them enjoying the Sabbath in harmless recreations, and added:

"I say, let them play baseball, or football, or any other kind of ball, to their heart's content. The good Lord will be pleased to see them do it, I aver, providing they are good boys."

The Bishop is right. How can any one reasonably expect a quiet, sacred Sabbath while the people have to drudge every other day? Brother Preacher, do not waste your ammunition against the dear boys; but fire into the Godless, inhuman commercialism that enslaves the people six days of the week and impoverishes them seven.

Thoughts Suggested by Mr. Ghent's "Mass and Class"

BY WILLIAM WHATELY

I. THE RIGHT WAY TO READ HISTORY

The topic with which Mr. Ghent begins his work is the new way of understanding history. This, under the formidable titles of "Economic Determinism," "Economic Interpretation of History," "Materialist Conception of History," appears a shocking innovation to many good souls, and has been made a bogy by anti-Socialists. Stripped of the techical terms by which it is designated, it is, however, no more than a common sense recognition of the fact that Nature equips her children with the tendency to hold such beliefs and such determinations as are necessary in order to drive them into actions which will help them to make a living or to better their living. A new born babe has the instinct for the action needed to get nourishment, and this kind of instinct never fails the race,—it lies somewhere back of every impulse. It determines the faith and the will of men in masses, and, except in rare cases, of individuals.

To recognize such a plain fact as this is of course not to deny the existence of high ideals, nor their compelling force, but it is simply seeing how these ideals take their shape. The past life of the human race becomes strangely illuminated when seen in this plain and sensible light, and, on the whole, it appears as a process of reaching a higher and higher moral and spiritual plane through the very struggle for existence itself. So far from there being anything in this view which goes against theism, it is, on the contrary, only the theist who has a satisfactory explanation of the deepest cause and force underlying the whole process. He sees in the process God's method of educating the race of human spirits to the highest possible state of intelligence and goodness. After all, the issue between the new school of historians which Mr. Ghent represents, and the older or sentimentalist school has only to do with the march of phenomena and the linking of cause and effect connecting events. Neither school has anything to say about the ultimate spiritual purpose of the stream of phenomena—the true cause which flows beneath that stream.

II. WHAT ARE THE CLASSES?

The correctness of Mr. Ghent's classification of the people may be confirmed by attacking the problem in a different fashion. Let us then classify primarily according to the kind of income, and afterwards according to the kind of work done and the source of the income.

First, then: there are those whose income consists of the things they have raised or made with their own hands: these are the Independent Producers,—the farmers and the small handicraftsmen.

Second: there are those whose income consists of interest, dividends or rents: these are the mere Capitalists.

Third: there are those whose income consists in the profits they make on the things they sell. These are the Commercial Class, and they consist of three divisions:

(a) Those who sell things made in establishments which they own: these are Manufacturers.

(b) Those who buy commodities and sell them again: these are Merchants.

(c) Those who deal in money, stocks and bonds: that is to say, in the ownership of the establishments: these are Financiers.

Fourth: there are those whose income consists in pay. In this mass there is a line of cleavage between those who are engaged in production and those who are engaged in service; and there is another kind of cleavage, i. e., into three sections: those who take their pay from the Commercial Class, those who take their pay from the organized public, and those who take their pay from the unorganized public. This gives us six divisions in this Fourth Group:—

(a) Producers who take wages from the Commercial Class; the manual proletariat in private employ.

(b) Producers who take wages from the state: the manual proletariat in public employ.

(c) Producers who take wages from people in general: these are men who do odd jobs—a small division.

(d) Servants of the Capitalists and Commercial Class paid wages, salaries or fees: these are domestics, bank-clerks and the like, and lawyers.

(e) Servants of the State: these are officials. public school teachers, etc.

(f) Those who serve the people in general: physicians, ministers, etc.

This classification gives, as will be seen, four main groups; one of which consists of three divisions, and one of six divisions; hence we have in all eleven divisions. But the really weighty import of class-divisions consists in the diverse kinds of thinking and feeling which characterize them: hence any two or more divisions which tend to the same ways of looking at life are to be considered as blending into one Class. Tested thus, there is but one Commercial Class, including all three sections of Group Third: and there are but three pay-receiving classes: the Proletariat, comprising sections (a), (b) and (c) of Group Fourth; the Social Servants (to use Mr. Ghent's happy term), comprising sections (e) and (f) of Group Fourth; and the Retainers (again Mr. Ghent's expressive designation), being section (d) of Group Fourth.

The strongest element in class instinct is indignation; hence perhaps the most illuminating question to be asked regarding each of the six classes is—what is its favorite indignation?

First, then, the Farmers. What is their permanent complaint, whether silent or outspoken? Surely, that the farmer, who produces all the food of all the people, on whom we therefore all live, fares so poorly compared with the Capitalist and the Commercial Class and their upper Retainers, who, from the farmers' point of view, are of little or no use.

Second, the Capitalists. What is their special indignation? Why, it is that which they feel towards the demagogism which would question or limit their absolute title to all they possess, whether this spirit of robbery takes the form of taxation or of socialistic agitation.

Third, the Commercial Class. Certainly their class-indignation is aimed towards all movements of the Proletariat which would lessen their profits; whether by labor unions to raise wages, or shorten hours, or by restriction of output, or by laws for protectionof employees.

Fourth, the Proletariat. Well, they certainly feel the same indignation as the farmers, towards the prosperity of the useless and of those who while not useless put forth no more useful effort than themselves.

Fifth, the Social Servants. Their class indignation is not so plainly marked as that of the other classes, but, so far as it goes, and it is very strong in many individuals, it is again, a condemnation of the preponderance of reward to those who deserve least.

Sixth, the Retainers. They reflect the moral scorn of their employers for the presumptuous and dishonest Proletariat.

Do you see what this test brings us to?. There are but two typical indignations after all; the Capitalist, Commercial and Retainer Classes stand together in feeling; and, furthermore, the Farmers Proletariat and Social Servant are really alike in their hearts. Hence, in what makes for momentum, there are simply two great opposing classes—give them what names we will.

III. SOCIALISTS GETTING TOGETHER

Do you mark how, on either side of this dividing line, class-conscience coincides with class interest, nay, springs from it? The two are inseparable; class-indignation is the cutting edge of the weapon, class-interest the solid weight of metal behind it.

To see this simple fact is to get the clue to that hard doctrine called "the materialist conception of history." The theist has no quarrel with the fact, and can see the truth of the doctrine under what ever name; but he does not therefore lose his perception of the spiritual element. This he finds at both ends of the process: first, in the potentiality of conscience in the living being, without which the pressure of interest would not have given birth to character, and, second, in the ultimate emergence of the race through class-indignation, class-struggle, class-supremacy, upon the plane of full consciousness of kind, the true sense of universal, equal justice.

Through this way of thinking may the idealist come to appreciate why the scientific Socialist belittles him with such appellations as "Utopian," "Sentimentalist:" and, without losing a partical of his idealist faith and its urgence, perceive the truth of that for which the other stands, and its vital import. The scientific Socialist has also his little step to take towards the reconciliation—it is but little compared with the ground the other must traverse,—it is, to recognize that the truth he means by his one unvarying formula, may also be stated, and for some purposes better stated, in quite other terms.

"Mass and Class" is, I think, the very most valuable contribution towards the clearing up of the old misunderstanding between kindred spirits; and no one who has the slightest interest in Socialism or in the state of mankind which has given birth to that movement can afford to leave this illuminating book unread.

THE MEEKNESS OF MOSES

BY EDWARD ELLIS CARR

Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth.—Ex. XII, 3.

It has been suggested that my remarks on meekness in the series of articles on "Words of Jesus" might be mis-understood to imply that meekness is weakness, cowardice, uselessness. Not so. And to more fully bring out the true meaning of meekness and show its utter incongruity with the elements of business success under the Capitalist System, I refer to the life of Moses, "the meekest of men," a great ruler, warrior and the mightiest law-giver of all the ages.

Space will permit but a sketch of his life, touching only the points most helpful to our present studies.

There are three incidents which stand out like Mounts Chamalari, Dhawalagiri and Everest in the great range of his heroic life. The first was exchanging the luxury, pomp and power of Egypt's throne for the hardships, dangers and poverty of a slave-tribe's camp. (See Ex. II, 1-15 and Heb. XI, 24-27.)

According to tradition, both sacred and secular, Moses was a Prince of Egypt—the greatest nation of his time,—victorious chief of her armies, heir to her throne and "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," including the high and holy mysteries of that most marvelous of all ancient religions, which only the Princes and higher priests were permitted to know. Yet, from his exalted rank and dazzling prospects, he began to pity the poor slave-race to which (he was secretly informed) he belonged. Their sorrows became his sorrows, and he renounced his rank and claim upon the throne and wholly espoused the cause of his oppressed people,

"Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to ENJOY THE PLEASURES OF SIN for a season."

Here we behold true strength of character and the triumph of unselfishness. No weak, selfish person could have done that. His struggle was doubtless long and severe, but love and justice conquered. In the nobility of his soul HE PREFERRED to be identified with the outraged slave-race rather than to be a king, for he realized that kings are necessarily usurpers, oppressors and grafters. In the system which he afterwards established, he left no room for kings.

The second incident was his modest—even timid—refusal to accept the leadership of his people until it was forced upon him. Both his humility and unselfishness were thus demonstrated. (See Ex. III, 11 and IV, 1, 10, 18.)

The third incident is greatest of all and can be understood only in the light of Moses' belief in immortality as revealed in the ancient Egyptian "Book of the Dead." It took place immediately after the most grievous idolatry of the people and marks the SUPREME SELF-SACRIFICE. (See Ex. XXXII, 30-32.)

"Oh God—this people have sinned a great sin—and have made them GODS OF GOLD—

"Yet now,—if thou wilt forgive their sin,—and if not, BLOT ME, I pray thee, OUT OF THE BOOK WHICH THOU HAST WRITTEN."

This is the sublimest prayer on record.

He was not merely willing to die for the people, he was willing to be forever damned for them; more than that, HE WAS NOT WILLING TO BE SAVED WITHOUT THEM. He would be WITH THE PEOPLE whether they were saved or lost.

Paul was willing to be accursed for his people, as any noble man would be; but Moses loved his people so much, he was so unselfish, that he would not be saved unless they were saved also!

It reminds us of George Eliot's sublime cry to the Infinite:

"Father, I choose . . . .
I will not take a heaven
Haunted with shrieks of far-off agony!—
* * * * *
My heart has grown too big
With things that might be!"

And also of the noble declaration of "Golden Rule Jones:" "I will enjoy no advantage nor blessing which the people may not share."

UNSELFISHNESS IS AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT OF MEEKNESS.

And Moses was no bloodless, fireless, spiritless, dreamy saint. According to Bible account, at least three times in his life the volcanic fires of his strong nature burst from all restraint: When he killed the Egyptian in defense of a Hebrew; when he smashed the Tables of the Law before his idolatrous people and slew the chief offenders, and when he impatiently struck the rock, forgetting the majesty of God Himself in his own hot anger.

But such outbursts were extremely rare. Like our own great Lincoln, he bore the complaints, suspicions, slanders and opposition of the very nation he was suffering for with divine meekness and patience. He was not seeking earthly honor nor reward. He sunk self out of sight. His whole life, after first realizing his duty, was "a living sacrifice" for the people's welfare.

It would have been a SIN for Moses to become king of an enslaved people, even though he might thus have temporarily eased their burden somewhat. They needed freedom, permanent freedom, which they never could have had in Egypt.

IT IS A SIN FOR ANY MAN to neglect the welfare of the people for his own selfish interests. Nor can he justify himself, like Rockefeller and Carnegie try to do, by returning to the people some scant blessings from the store of his selfish accumulations. Charity can never atone for injustice.

"He that feeds men serveth few;—
HE SERVES ALL WHO DARES BE TRUE."

Nor can a man serve the people by thrusting himself forward for leadership. We do not need ONE Moses, but MANY; not a leader, but that every man should seek the welfare of the people and not some business, professional or political graft for himself. Selfishness breeds corruption, tyranny and general poverty.

"Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth."

When the welfare of all becomes the struggle of each, righteousness, peace and plenty, will reign over all.

You can not imagine a man like Moses fighting against a brother for an office or a job; striving in business to get another's trade, crowding another aside and forging to the front himself upon the ruined fortune of another; pushing a combine to control trade, limit production and overcharge the heavy-burdened people, or sitting in council, legislature, senate, or on the judge's bench or governor's chair as the tool or friend of the "Captains of Industry." The only place in which you can imagine a man like Moses in modern affairs is on the side of the people against their exploiters and oppressors, without stopping to count the cost to himself. We need more men of his kind.

Moses was gentle, humble, submissive to God, brave and strong; but, above all, he was unselfish. He laid himself a sacrifice on the altar of liberty. Without this he could never have delivered his people, nor have made such laws. This is his undying fame and glory.

UNSELFISHNESS IS AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT OF MEEKNESS.

TAX THE BATCHELORS

A new slogan of reform has sounded from the West.

"Tax the batchelors!" demands President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California. And all over the country people are taking up the cry: "Tax the batchelors! They reject the good example of their parents; they shirk their duty; they are selfish and should be made to pay their share of public expense for the education of the rising generation!"

Well! What do you think of this for a war cry of anti-Socialist individualists?

The batchelors can stand taxing a great deal better than they can stand the expense of a family under this system of wage-slavery and Trust prices for commodities.

But the people who are now demanding a tax on batchelors will cut a sorry figure arguing against the economic equality of Socialism and its proposal to place the cost of feeding, clothing and educating all children in the regular budget of government expense. Then there will be no economic reason, at least, for a man shirking marriage and a family.

But I do not suppose Socialists would dream of forcing men to marry and have children against their will, as these foolish anti-batchelor people demand. And as an exchange facetiously remarks, it would probably be cheaper to pay the tax before marriage than the alimony after divorce—under this system.

Which reminds me of a good old bishop who had lived in single blessedness all his life when the law taxing batchelors was introduced in a Western legislature. This bill provided an increase of so much every year that the batchelor lived single.

"Why!" said his secretary, "You would have to pay $100 per year at your age, bishop."

"Wal," said the bishop, with a twinkle in his eye and dropping into the vernacular of his youth, "I reckon it's well with it!"

THE PALACE WINDOW

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

"What do ye see, my lords of war?
What do ye see, for I may not look?"
"The hounds are loosed of the leash, great Czar,
And the game is brought to book."

"What do ye see, my lords of state?
What do ye see that your brows are low?"
"Nothing, O sire! but a nation's hate
And the blood-blotch on the snow."

"What dost thou see, my queen, my queen?
What dost thou see, that thy eyes are wide?"
"Nay, God forgive me the sight I've seen
And save their souls, who died!"

.What do you see, my daughters all?
And what do they bear who make such a din?"
"Boxes, dear father, and some so small
Little brother might lie therein."

"What dost thou see, thou heir-of-our-race,
Who shall sit on the throne when I shall die?"
But the infant looks in his father's face,
And his voice is a wailing cry!

—The Lyceumite.

Bold Utterances of a Clergyman

Dr. Madison C. Peters is one of the best known Protestant clergymen in the country, and for a number of years his sermons have attracted more than ordinary attention in New York and other places where he has spoken. Dr. Peters preached in Philadelphia a few days ago about the Russian revolution and took a strong position on the side of the masses who are struggling to overthrow tyranny. But during the course of his remarks Rev. Peters did not fail to serve notice upon American plutocracy that there is also a problem here that must be solved. Said he:

"We are living in times of popular discontent. The American people, too, are sleeping on a volcano. Capitalists may give their millions for churches, colleges and charities, but money gifts cannot certify to the motives which prompted them, especially when, right or wrong, the people have come to think the money given by the rich really belongs to the working men.

"Men can no longer be won by charity. They demand justice. They are tired of the old gospel of contentment when preached by people who have all the comforts this world can give, who have more than they can use of the costliest food and finest raiment, while at least 10,000,000 in America today would be glad to eat the crumbs which fall from those tables and wear the cast-off clothes.

One per cent. of our population owns more wealth than the remaining ninety-nine per cen. This extreme and indefensible inequality is all that the agitator need ask. The Morgan and Standard Oil syndicates control not less than $200,000,000 of the $450,000,000 of banking capital invested in New York city. De Tocqueville warned us more that fifty years ago that the greatest peril in America would arise from plutocracy. Twenty-five thousand men own onehalf of the wealth of this country, and 200,000 own quite 80 per cent.

"One-half of the wealth produced in this country annually goes as a tribute to 25,000 persons, and thus about one-half of our population of 80,000,000 are working all the time for 25,000 of their fellow-men. One hundred and twenty-five families in the United States have more money than all the other 80,000,000 put together.

"Twenty men in this country have it in their power, by means of the wealth they control, to arrive at an understanding; and any day they could, if they chose, stop every wheel of commerce from revolving, block every avenue of trade and strike dumb every electric key.

"These men control the circulation of the currency; they may at their will, embarrass business, enrich whom they will, control production, corner the necessities of life and increase prices so as to make good living for the masses prohibitive, throttle competition, buy judicial decisions and make our halls of legislation hauls of spoilation."

See page 7 for prize proposition. Comrades, put your shoulder to the wheel and help push.

DEPRECIATED DOLLARS

When free silver coinage was the great political issue in this country, we heard much from the brightest lights of the Republican party about free silver giving us depreciated money—fifty-cent dollars; and we were told that the Republican party would give us a good, "sound" hundred cent dollar, while the Democratic party would, if elected, cut fifty cents out of every dollar earned by the "poor workingman," making him pay two dollars for every real dollar's worth of his daily bread and meat.

But, long before the free silver issue arose in our politics, capitalism had been giving the whole world depreciated money through its profit-taking system of exchanges.

UNDER THE PROFIT-TAKING SYSTEM NO MAN'S DOLLAR, BE HE RICH OR POOR, IS OR CAN BE WORTH A HUNDRED CENTS, except at the mint, where he can never exchange the dollar at a profit.

For out of every man's dollar given in exchange for some other commodity, a certain profit on the transaction is taken by the seller of the commodity exchanged for the dollar, thus lessening the purchasing power of the dollar to the exact extent of the amount of profit taken out of it.

If one purchases a so-called "dollar's worth" of bread, he does not get one hundred cents worth of bread, or the bread-seller would have no profit at all in the transaction. The buyer's dollar brings him one hundred cents worth of bread MINUS THE PROFIT OF A HALF-DOZEN GO-BETWEENS in the case. Thus a man's dollar is always a "depreciated" dollar to the extent of the profit which is taken out of its hundred cents in the many-handed transactions of growing, shipping, milling and selling aud the thing bought is appreciated to the same extent precisely.

Only Socialism can give us a truly "sound" dollar, which will always have a real one hundred cent purchasing power. For nothing but Socialism can or will do away with that profit-taking system on which capitalism rests, and which always has and always will lessen the real purchasing power of every dollar.

Socialism will coin the first truly "HONEST DOLLARS" that have ever been coined. It will form the first truly honest government that has ever been formed, and will make the first universal reign of honesty that the world has ever seen. W. B, G.

BORN AGAIN

"Born Again" is the tempting title of a fascinating Socialistic story by Alfred William Lawson.

The style is clear, attractive and convincing; the plot is rather artificial and fantastic, yet dramatic and interesting for all that; and the spirit is chaste, upright, loving, in spite of a violent antagonism toward "religion." It is not atheistic, the Creator is recognized at every step; nor is it irreligious, for what is supreme unselfishness and obedience to Natural Law (God's Law) but the highest type of religion? Nevertheless it is shockingly hostile toward the religion of the Churches, failing to recognize their essential good in the midst of their imperfections and failures. It insists that supernatural religion and money are the giant twin evils of the world. Yet the plot depends entirely upon the supernatural for its fulfilment—the rebirth of the Sagewoman as Arletta Wright, for instance—and on the whole makes a very inconsistent stand against supernaturalism.

Having said so much by way of warning, we may add that the book is well worth the reading. The picture of the wonderful Sagemen will prove ennobling and should be impressed upon every soul. The masterful delineation of "The Soul's Retrospection," though not original, will be hard to forget, and the doctrine of reincarnation (according to the law of Karma) until the whole race is lifted, is very ably put.

The truly religious person has nothing to fear from the volume and may receive many helpful suggestions, besides the pleasure of reading a book so really interesting.

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Many people are ordering the Saloon Extra in bundles of ten up to 500. The second edition is all gone and a third has been printed. Keep the good work going. One cent each in small bundles, 200 for $1.00, 500 for $2.50, $1,000 for $5.00.

A PRIZE PROPOSITION

The regular agents of the Christian Socialist, receive 20 per cent commission, which is the best we can possibly do and print on book paper, without increasing the price to subscribers. All who desire may continue on this basis.

But we have decided to issue special subscription blanks for ONE THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS and give FOUR CASH PRIZES to the four persons who receive the highest number of subscriptions out of the thousand.

The First Prize will be $40.00, the Second $30.00, the Third $20.00 and the Fourth $10.00, making $100.00 in all—which is "all the traffic will bear."

BEFORE ANY PRIZE IS DUE THE ENTIRE THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS MUST BE OBTAINED. If 500 people send in clubs, two subscribers each will do it. If 250 get up clubs, four each will do it. If only 100 people try, the average number of subscribers will be but ten. It is probable that a club of fifteen or twenty subscribers will win any one of these prizes. When the entire one thousand subscriptions are obtained all four of the prizes will be paid.

Who will be the first to send for one of these special prize subscription blanks? They will be duly numbered and a record kept of them as they go out and come in. You may get subscriptions now, but do not send them in till you receive your special blanks, as no subscription will be credited on the contest unless they are sent in on the special blanks.

This is an easy task, and should be finished in a very short while. Any man or woman, any boy or girl, who will try, has an excellent opportunity to obtain one of these prizes. Those who enter this contest must of course waive their 20 per cent commission for the chance of a prize. Those who prefer the regular commission will not use these special blanks. Take your choice, but send in clubs.

The Christian Socialist (being issued twice a month) contains nearly twice as much reading matter each month (excluding advertisements) as Wilshire's Magazine and considerably more than the Comrade. The Christian Socialist is well worth the price asked. Push the lists. See page 3.

Get your Branch to order a big bundle of the Saloon extra for distribution among church people. If they will not, do it yourself; for there is no better propaganda for use among the church people. One cent each in small bundles. ONE-HALF CENT EACH if you send $1.00 or more.

Five Subscription Cards to the Christian Socialist for $2.00. Do not send stamps.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

Blue Mound, Ill.

Your paper of March 1, came to hand this morning chuck full of good things. A. W. Sprague.

Captain Sprague will be 90 years old next July 9, yet he is as full of enthusiasm f.. the great cause as a boy. He takes many papers and sends marked copies to those who may be interested, thus scattering sample copies and spreading the light. And in other ways he remains an active Knignt of the Cross in spite of his age. God bless him.

McKeesport, Pa.

Your last number is fine. Send me ten copies.
(Rev.) A. Noll.

Tyler, Texas.

I must say yours is one of the ablest pieces of propaganda I ever got hold of. I wish I had a thousand cartoons like it (the Tree,) only about 4 times as large, I would paste them up all over this town and county. Geo. D. Bumpas.

North Yamhill, Ore.

The Christian Socialist suits the best of anything I have seen so far. * * * Keep the dollar as the paper is worth more than you ask for it. C. V. Kuykendall.

Lela, Texas.

I am well pleased with the Christian Socialist, as I am a preacher of the Gospel and of Socialism. (Rev.) D. Coleman.

Albany, Ore.

I am a seventeen year old school boy, but I believe I can see the necessity of all class-conscious Socialists supporting the Christian Socialist, for it reaches a class of people the other Socialist papers can not reach. Harlin Talbert.

WE ARE BEHIND THE TIMES.

Burton City, O.

Your paper ought to have been published twenty-five years ago.
B. O. Wells.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Christian Socialist pleases me very much with its sweet spirit. It ought to appeal to the hearts of all Socialists who do not like the spirit of a great deal of our Socialist literature. God bless you and crown your efforts with success. A. W. Jarauld.

Memphis, Tenn.

I am resolved to send a C. S. to every preacher in town. Find enclosed 50c for fifty copies of the Saloon number. That hits the mark. The C. S. is second to none of our Socialist papers.
H. S. Terlisner.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

Dear Comrades:—I thought I would let you know how things are going here. There have been 10 men batching here all winter. I am one of them. I have had 2 1-2 days work since November first. I don't drink, smoke or chew, yet I was treated like a dog while working. I am 35 years old, strong and stout and willing and I worked hard. The president asked me if I was going to work for him this summer and I told him I guessed I could not do any better by going elsewhere. It is impossible for me and the rest of us to get married, work 5 months out of the year, be idle the rest of the time and beg to produce more wealth. If it isn't Hell I do not krow what is. We are forced to carry our homes on our backs. If we go to a place to work, they say, "Where is your blankets?" "Sir, I have none." "Well you can't work here." Enclosed you will find 10c for a bundle. H. H. Burrows.

THE WHITE TERROR AND THE RED

Most timely, in view of the thrilling and terrible events recently transpiring in Russia, is the Nihilist novel by Abraham Cahan, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y.

It is a story of the attempted revolution in Russia which culminated in the assassination of Alexander II and abounds in sensational situations and touching incidents.

Mr. Cahan was himself for many years a member of secret revolutionary circles, and writes from accurate personal knowledge of these "underground" movements. Being at last arrested and about to be sent to Siberia, he escaped to America, where he wrote the above novel. If you want realistic light upon the Russian situation in the form of a fascinating story, read this book. It is well worth while. Price $1.50. It may be ordered of us.

Warsaw has been furnishing the remarkable sight of the police force with each man guarded by a soldier to keep him on duty. The police are in sympathy with the strikers.

When ye editor recently went to Chambersburg, Ill., to lecture in the Christian Church, he found a large crayon copy of our "Tree Cartoon," on cloth, filling the whole end of the pastor's study.